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# Puck

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C. J. Taylor

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IN THE HANDS OF HIS PHILANTHROPIC FRIENDS.



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#### SHE WAS THE BEST MAN.

O'HOGGARTY.—How is poor Duffy comin' on now?  
MCLUBBERTY.—It's nearly recovered he is from dhe b'atin' he gev his woife last Satherday noight.



#### CERAMIC MELANCHOLY.

OW BLUE they are! What is amiss?  
Their lot seems not a bad one!  
Why do they stand so long like this,  
And look, united in a kiss,  
As if they 'd never had one?

The present indications are  
That naught can come between them.  
Her pater *might*—a family jar  
Suits him!—but, though he is n't far,  
I'm sure he has n't seen them!

Why are they blue? Has some small  
mind  
Their manners been attacking?  
Though hard of feature, and inclined  
To stiffish limbs, a certain kind  
Of polish they're not lacking.

No; ears for critics they have not,  
And clever must the shrew be  
Who wins with railing half a jot  
Their eyes from the accustomed spot.  
Then *why* should they so blue  
be?

Friend, *your* conclusion has its flaws,  
There's nothing much the matter.  
Our loving twain are blue because  
They're fixtures without rest or pause—  
Upon an old Delft platter.

Edward W. Barnard.

#### THEY HAD N'T READ THE DISPATCHES.

SPANISH OFFICER.—I thought your Potency had announced that you had subdued the Province of Pinar del Rio, yet reports say the insurgents are very active there of late.

WEYLER.—That proves the claim I have often made, namely, that those insurgents are an illiterate set, wholly unable to read.

PATIENT (*disturbing DENTIST late at night*).—Doctor, can you pull a tooth for me?

DENTIST (*endeavoring to be cheerful*).—Certainly, sir! A hundred if you wish.

THE TROUBLE with one's first love is that it usually comes too early in life to be appreciated.

#### AT A COUNTRY CHURCH.

MINISTER.—My friend, are you prepared to leave your earthly tenement?

PARISHIONER.—Oh! go look me up in the Commercial Agencies! I live on Fifth Avenue.

#### CALCULATED TO INJURE.

FIRST ACTRESS.—I see that Miss London is suing the *Daily Sensation* for damages.

SECOND ACTRESS.—What for?

FIRST ACTRESS.—For stating that she is a person of unblemished reputation.

#### THE AGGRESSOR.

TEACHER.—How did Julius Caesar come to lose his life?

PUPIL.—He called a man a brute.

THE MARCH hare is said to have got mad because it had to stand fourteen different kinds of weather within two weeks.

IT WILL be remembered, to General Weyler's credit, that he has not killed nearly as many people as he says he has.



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#### GOSSIP AT THE BUTCHER'S.

THE BOARDING-MISTRESS.—And she moved away owing you for three weeks' meat?

THE FAT BOY.—Yes 'm! It was n't so much, Mum. She kept a boardin'-house, you know.



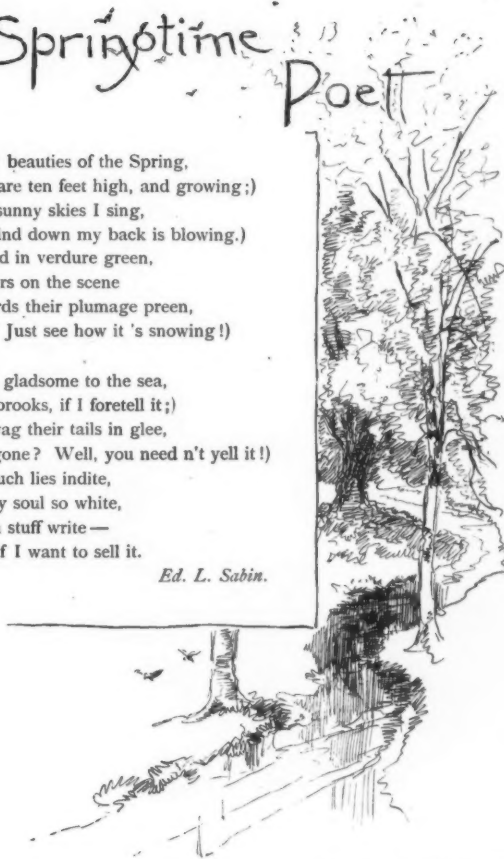


## The Springtime Poet

I WRITE THE beauties of the Spring,  
(The drifts are ten feet high, and growing;)  
Of flowers and sunny skies I sing,  
(The north wind down my back is blowing.)  
The earth is clad in verdure green,  
And happy lovers on the scene  
Gaze soulful, birds their plumage preen,  
(Good Lord! Just see how it 's snowing!)

The brooks run gladsome to the sea,  
(Excuse me, brooks, if I foretell it;)  
The lambkins wag their tails in glee,  
(Our coal 's gone? Well, you need n't yell it!)  
You wonder I such lies indite,  
Endangering my soul so white,  
In January such stuff write —  
It 's time to, if I want to sell it.

Ed. L. Sabin.



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### A REAL PRIZE.



WICKERLY.—I heard a fellow say the other day that it is n't possible for a man to understand the woman he loves until he marries her.

SANDSTONE.—Don't you believe it is true?

WICKERLY.—Bosh, no! It 's absurd on the face of it. Take my own case, for instance. In the first place, I 've known my fiancée for years, and yet it was n't three weeks after I met her before I understood her thoroughly.

SANDSTONE.—Are you sure?

WICKERLY.—Sure! Why, my dear man, I have n't had the slightest occasion to change my mind since then! I 've seen her under all conditions. Our course from the start was to be perfectly candid with each other. I 've seen that girl in her own home, under the most prosaic surroundings. Why, my dear fellow, I 've gone out in the kitchen with her and seen her cook! Then I 've seen her away from home, at the seashore, in the mountains, in society. Every thought of hers has been revealed to me.

SANDSTONE.—But perhaps your love has blinded you?

WICKERLY.—Nonsense! When you say that, you don't understand me. If I 'm anything, I 'm critical. Not only that, but I don't claim that she is perfect, any more than I am. But the main point is that I understand her. I know what I 'm getting. That 's everything.

SANDSTONE.—Let me congratulate you again, old man. (*Enthusiastically.*) I really did n't realize before what a bright girl you have!

WICKERLY.—Think so, do you?

SANDSTONE.—She must be, if she has succeeded in making you think that you know her.

Tom Masson.

### A NECESSITY.

"I thought you were going to enter your horse for the show."

"I was, but I had to sell him in order to buy a box."

### THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (*of mammoth department store, excitedly.*)—The cashier of the Banking Department has embezzled and eloped with the head of the Ribbon Department! What shall I do?

MANAGER (*briefly.*)—Quick! Notify the chief of our Special Police Department!



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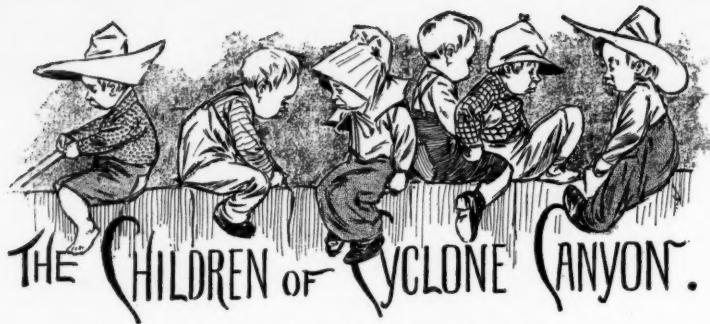
### READY TO TAKE LESSONS.

MAMA.—That is the baby's picture. Does n't he look sweet?

PAPA.—Yes, indeed! I must go to see that photographer at once.

MAMA.—What for?

PAPA.—I want to find out how he got the baby to look that way.



(From "The Cyclone Canyon Blizzard.")

MOST OF our subscribers will remember that the *Daily Blizzard* invited all of the fond parents of Cyclone Canyon to send into this office the smart sayings of their little ones, for publication. If the reader will peruse the following anecdotes, he will find that the children of this town stand ace-high in the intelligence stakes:

My little girl, Gwendolen Mary Ann, is greatly interested in the stars, and last night as she sat looking up at the sky, I asked her what she was thinking of.

"The angels, Mother," she answered; "I was wondering what they wear."

"Nothing but a robe, a pair of wings and crown," my child.

"And do their wings fold down over their backs, like a bird's, when they are not flying, Mother?"

"I suppose so, my dear."

"Well, it seems to me that an angel's wings would be awfully in his way, if he wanted to pull his gun in a hurry!" was my little darling's reply.

Mrs. Myrtle McSwatt.

I am a subscriber to your paper, although I am not a citizen of your city, as I live up the trail, 'bout eight miles out. I have a little son, name of Jim. He ain't never said nothin' smart that I can call to mind jest now, but him and four other kids lynched a Chinaman once. You might publish that.

Dan Tearer.

As you know, I have no children of my own, but most of the future men and women of Cyclone Canyon attend my school. Some time ago I explained at length to my class the difference between the positions of *horizontal* and *vertical*. Yesterday morning at roll-call I found that Jakey Bulletts, son of our esteemed saloon-keeper, was either

absent or tardy. A few moments after school commenced I heard several shots, and in a short while Jakey Bulletts entered the school-room door. He had tarried on his way to witness a gun-scrap between Salamander Sam and Dangerous Dunnigan; so, of course, I instantly excused his tardiness. Being interested in the outcome of the encounter, I asked who had been killed. "Please, sir," answered Jakey; "Salamander Sam is still *vertical*, but Dunnigan is *horizontal* for good."

Jason Tanks, Schoolmaster.

One morning last week I arose about five o'clock and started to make the fire. My little daughter, Hortense Julia, aged but three years last round-up, accompanied me to the kitchen. We were out of matches, and as I was rummagin' and ransackin' trying to find one, I missed Hortense.

"Where are you, my pet?" I called.

"Over here by Papa's bed;" was her ready answer; "I am trying to light this piece of paper on Papa's nose, so as to help you start the fire."

Mrs. Brand Maverick.

The other evening as I was seated in front of the stove smoking my pipe, I remembered that I needed a man to do a few odd jobs for me around the Post Office. So I told my wife, if she heard of any galoot in town who would stop drinking long enough to do a little work, to let me know.

"What do you want done, in the way of work?" my wife asks me.

"I wants the Post Office cleaned out," I answers her.

"Why don't ye get Alkali Ike to do it?" chimes in my little boy Pete, aged four; "he cleans out all the saloons every time he comes to town, and he'd clean out your Post Office in jig-time, if you'd ask him."

Tom Stamps, Postmaster.

Indeed, we have not the space in this issue to print all of the stories parents have sent us, but will publish the remainder in due time. We wish to show the world that if we are on the border of civilization, as our enemies have hinted, as far as smart children go, this town is up in "G."

Jas. Dunn Cranley.

#### A DAMPENING EXPERIENCE.

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MRS. BUSYMAN.—Oh, Jane! Mr. Busyman has gone off to the office without an umbrella, and it has started to rain. Run after him with this one; he can not have gone very far.



JANE.—That mon moost walk werry fast; he's out o' sight alreddy. Oi'll take it down to his office, so 's he'll have wan should he happen to want to go out.



MR. BUSYMAN.—Confound it! I forgot my umbrella, and it has begun to rain. I guess I had better go back for it; I am only half a mile from home, and it is a good mile to the office. I'll take this short cut up these side streets.

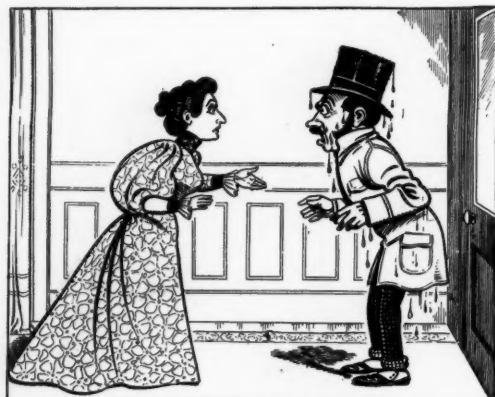
#### THE WEAK POINT.

"You speak French fluently, do you not?"

"Oh, yes! — but not intelligibly."

"I UNDERSTAND all about the throttle and the lever and the steam gauge," said Miss Edith, who was taking a ride on a locomotive; "but how in the world do they steer the engine?"

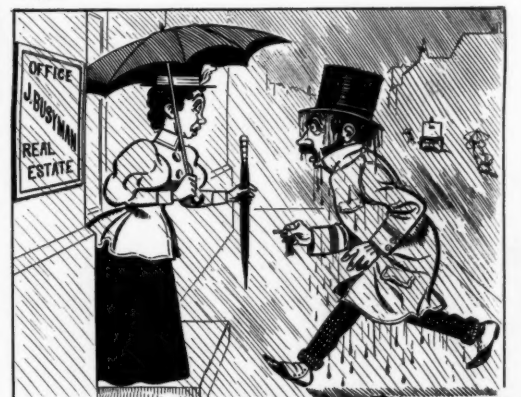
THE TROUBLE with the man who knows too much is that he always tells it.



MR. BUSYMAN.—Where is my umbrella, Mary?  
MRS. BUSYMAN.—Why, did n't you meet Jane? I sent her after you with your umbrella, and she took the only other one we have in the house to come back with. If you hurry after her you should catch her.



MR. BUSYMAN.—Confound it all! Had I not gone up the back streets I would have met her.



JANE (as BUSYMAN arrives at office).—Yessir, th' lady t'ought as you'd be afther gittin' wet, so she sint you your umbrella. Oi moost hav missed youse on me way.





### AN ARTISTIC EVENING.

Turner sunset flickered on the madly-scarlet hills,  
And the valley had a Wordsworth atmosphere;  
The babbling little brooklet ran in Tennysonian rills,  
And a Rosa Bonheur cow was grazing near.

A crescent moon was floating on the Verestschagin sky,  
The heavens were with Ruskin clouds o'erspread;  
A lanky Burne-Jones maiden, with a halo, wandered by,  
While a Millet rustic stood and hung his head.

The primrose at the old stand, blossomed by the river's brim,  
A nightingale or two began to sing,  
And Bouguereau's Bather murmured, as she went to take her swim:  
"I think that we shall have a Corot Spring."

Carolyn Wells.



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### A PROBLEM.

HE.—I never knew just what to think about pug dogs.  
SHE.—What is your difficulty?  
HE.—I can't tell whether they think they are good-looking,  
or whether they are merely vain of their ugliness.

### MRS. ISOLATE APOLOGIZES.

MRS. CITILY (*newly settled in Lonelyville, to Mrs. ISOLATE, at the station*).—You have not been very neighborly for a person living next door, Mrs. Isolate.

MRS. ISOLATE (*apologetically*).—Yes, I know it, Mrs. Citily; but, really, I positively have not had to borrow anything since you moved in.

### THE RIGHT TERM.

BILICK.—I hope, my dear, that you did n't give anything to that tramp.

MRS. BILICK.—Yes; I could n't help it; his condition was pitiable—perfectly indescribable.

BILICK.—I see; beggars description, eh?

### HOW HE KNEW.

JUDGE.—What leads you to think the prisoner did n't get much money?

OFFICER.—He offered to divide with me, if I'd turn him loose.



THE FACT that contentment is better than wealth is of no practical importance to the average mortal, as he is destined to jog along without either.



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### AN ELASTIC TERM.

SNOBBERY.—Did Lord Dedbroke put up here last week?  
HOTEL CLERK.—He did, and he did n't!

### THOSE GIRLS.

MADGE.—It's funny, but I can never find the family record in our Bible.

MARJORIE.—If your birth is down as having occurred in 1870, as you say, it must be among the Apocrypha.



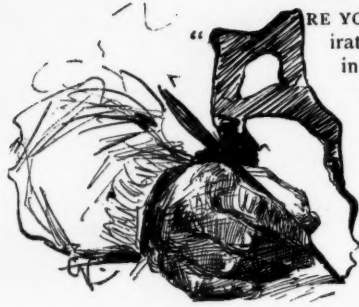
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### BEYOND REACH.

THE FOOTPAD.—Only a dollar and a quarter? Come, where's the rest of yer money?

MR. ISAACS.—Mein frendt, it's in real esdate undt it's in my wife's name!

### HIS ERRAND.



"ARE YOU the editor?" savagely demanded the irate reader, bursting into the sanctum in an abrupt and truculent manner. "Yep!" replied the high scribe of the Ruralville *Bazoo*, with a nonchalance born of long acquaintance with the joys and vicissitudes of country journalism. "Ar-r-r-r! Do you hold yourself personally responsible for everything that appears in the paper?" "Yes, sir," returned the able editor, deftly producing from an open drawer of his desk and depositing in a handy position thereon a large and blasé-looking revolver. "What of it?" "Nun-nun-nothing, sir!" stammered the visitor, figuratively speaking, drawing in his horns. "Nun-nothing at all, sus-sir; only I—I bet a—a house and lot with a fellow that you did. I've won the bet, and am much obliged to you, sir; very much obliged! Gug-good day, sir!" "You are welcome," replied the moulder of public opinion, imperturbably. "Call again!"

### HER DAINTY WAY.

To your shoe-lace in Summer  
We've all of us bent;  
Now your point-laced in Winter,  
And strait-laced in Lent.

### WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

WILLIS.—Deacon Sniffer says he's clothed in righteousness.  
WALLACE.—It must be a misfit.

### A COMMON CASE.

DEGARRY.—I called on Tom last night and I never saw such a boking house in all my life. Do you know what's the matter?  
MERRITT.—He married one of those new women, who neglect everything except what they call their "inalienable rights."

### DOES N'T DESERVE ANY.

"Uncle James, what is a pessimist?"  
"Oh!—he's any sort of an old thing that won't enjoy his ice-cream to-day, because he is afraid he won't have any to-morrow."

### SIMPLE.

SNAKE-LIAR.—And I went down into the hole a hundred and eighty feet.  
LISTENER.—But the rope was only a hundred feet long.  
SNAKE-LIAR.—Yes, I know; but I doubled it.

### A SOUVENIR.

JACKIE.—An' Auntie Peace gave me ten dollars, an' said that she wanted me to git somethin' with it that 'ud remind me of her every time I used it.  
JOHNNY.—What cher goin' to git?  
JACKIE.—A shot-gun.

THERE ARE lots of people who think they are right; but some of the most vigorous and energetic of them can scarcely be said to be going ahead.

THE GREATEST consolation some people seem to find as age grows on them, is that they don't look it.



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### A NEW SENSATION.

MANAGER (*indignantly*).—I don't see why you should be so troubled with stage-fright;—you told me that you sang in public for two months with the Smashup Opera Troupe.

NEW TENOR (*tremulously*).—And so I did sing in public for two months with the Smashup Opera Troupe; but, you see, I never sang to an audience before!

### AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.

The lesson was David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. "You read the next verse, Freddy," said the Sunday school teacher to the physician's little son, and Freddy read:  
"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions."

"Freddy, what does it mean where it says that in their death they were not divided?" asked the teacher.  
"That means there was n't any post mortem examination made," replied Freddy.

### A CHICAGO VIEW.

"The tin-wedding comes at the end of ten years, does n't it?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I'm going to have it changed. That's too long to stay married just for a lot of bargain batter cake-turners and pie-pans."

IF THE devil were the only one to be shamed by telling the truth, it would be told oftener.

TOLERATION, NOWADAYS, may be defined as a recognition of the right to believe in an inferior wheel.



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### A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

MISS ROCKS.—O Count! Do you really and truly love me?  
COUNT LE FRAUG.—Certainamong! Do you suppose I pr-r-r-posed to you for vat you Amer-r-ricans call zee fun oaf zee sing?





PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BE FAIR  
AND PATIENT.

THERE WERE many sanguine people who confidently looked for the election of Mr. Bryan to head a procession of blessings that would march unbroken through the years of his rule and make them full with prosperity. They felt a magic in his name and devoutly believed in his personal power to bring about good times. But this unreasoning credulity was not confined to Mr. Bryan's supporters. There were enthusiasts just as unreasonably sanguine in the ranks of the opposing party, — credulous dreamers who held the name of McKinley as a charm-word to conjure ease and plenty. These latter now stand waiting expectantly for President McKinley to reverse a few natural laws and make them rich over night. He has but to take the oath of office and their coffers and storehouses will be magically filled. Perhaps they expect no more than was promised to them by the fluent and imaginative gentlemen who talked and wrote for Mr. McKinley during the campaign; but they are destined to learn that campaign orators are rarely gifted in the ways of romance; that buying and selling in competition will go on as before, and that prosperity under the new administration must be worked for just as tirelessly as in other days. There will be no horn of plenty to shower riches upon the land, no magic wand to draw Something from Nothing. But after these boundless hopes and enthusiasms have been reduced to legitimate dimensions it will be seen that the next four years are reasonably promising; and these over-hopeful ones should come down to this common-sense plane at once. We have a President of sterling character who has made what seems to be an unusually wise choice of advisers. We have a bad currency system to

make good and an inadequate tariff-law to perfect. And these reforms can only come by hard work. Let us demand no miracles, but expect only that which it is sane and reasonable to expect.

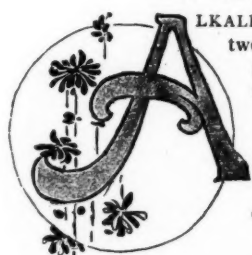
MOTHERHOOD  
OFFICIALLY  
RECOGNIZED.

PUCK hereby doffs his hat and bows low to a certain body of women that lately met in Washington, D. C., to discuss a subject that should not be without interest to the sex at large. In a way it was a novel subject, for when women convene for discussion it is apt to be about the rights withheld from them by tyrant Man. But the subject of this discussion was CHILDREN, and the assemblage called itself a Congress of Mothers. Many valuable papers were read, ranging in title all the way from "Building the Child Character" to "How to Give Baby His Bath," and one enthusiast used a real, live baby in demonstrating her theory of how to dress them without exposing them to the covert jabs of the mischievous safety-pin. If this infant could have known that it was the first of its kind to be an object of any importance at a convention of women, it would have crowed with pride, we should think. And throughout the days of the session of this Congress not once was Man denounced. We should say that this Congress of Mothers was a good thing. The most of we grown ones, it is true, were raised by mothers who were too busy to write papers about their work, but mothers have more leisure in these days. And, though it will be criticised by the New Woman as unmanly, it seems a fit and winning thing that they should employ a part of it in considering how to make the next generation better than we are.

HARVARD  
AND YALE.

THE DAILY papers for six weeks past have been printing solemn editorials about the squabble over athletics between Harvard and Yale. Harvard, it seems, sent Yale a letter in 1895 in answer to the latter's foot-ball challenge. It was a saucy letter, written by a smart youth who was just beginning to feel his rhetoric, and it made the young men of Yale so angry that they declared they would n't play with Harvard any more. Such exhibitions are rarely given by people over seven years of age. The press, instead of paying no attention to this sophomoric nonsense, proceeded to lift the dispute to the dignity of an international embroilment, and the young men of the two institutions, being thus encouraged, continued to act like children. After two years, however, the trouble has been patched up, and Harvard and Yale will once more play their games together, providing the editorials in question do not set them to making faces at each other again. The whole thing has been a blot upon college athletics, and unworthy of either Yale or Harvard, and its repetition should be guarded against. We have come to rely chiefly upon our colleges for clean athletic sports, and they can not afford to spoil their honest and ready rivalry with such bickerings. It is too suggestive of the ways of pugilists and grand opera singers.

A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.



ALKALI IKE (continuing his story). — While the two cinnamon bears was eatin' the antelope a big grizzly broke in on 'em an' tried to steal the whole carcass.

TOURIST. — What happened then?

ALKALI IKE. — Aw! if you'd been thar an' was blind you could n't have told but what it was a gang of candidates squabblin' over a post-office!

IMPORTANT.

THE MANAGER. — This is serious news from Crete.

THE PROPRIETOR. — What is it?

THE MANAGER. — Our war correspondent wants more pay.

NOT SURPRISED.

"I believe the British national debt is larger than ours."

"I suppose it is. Look at the Prince of Wales' clothes."

SYMPATHY.

FOOTPAD (in Washington). — Hand over yer money, quick!

CITIZEN. — My friend, I have n't a cent. Did the Committee on Tariff Hearing refuse to do anything for you?

AN ALLEGED SAMPLE.

"Some of those civil service questions are awfully hard."

"Are they?"

"Yes; a man who failed told me that one question was, 'Name every ship in the United States Navy and state what is the matter with each!'"

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"General," said the correspondent to General Weyler, "was the loss of yesterday's battle the result of an error of judgement?"

"No, sir!" replied General Weyler, in decided tones; "it was a typographical error."



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A FRIENDLY WARNING.

D'AUBER. — Well, what do you think of that for an impressionist?

N. O. FAD (excitedly). — For heaven's sake, D'Auber, cover it up! Quick! Here comes Meddler.

D'AUBER (in surprise). — Why should I cover it up?

D'AUBER. — Why? Great Scott, man! Don't you know Meddler is an active member of the Society for the Prevention of Crime?



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THEY EXPECT THE  
THE PEOPLE FOOLISHLY THINK THAT MCKINLEY WILL BE ABLE TO TAP THE ROCK



PUCK.



ECT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

TAP THE ROCK OF PROSPERITY, À LA MOSES, AND MAKE MONEY FLOW LIKE WATER.

J. Ottendorff Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

CARLYLE SMITH'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTES.

RALEIGH AND SHAKSPERE.



"SHAKSPERE," said Ben Jonson, as he and the great bard sat at dinner together, "don't you find that fish makes brains?"

"No," returned Shakspeare, after a moment of thought; "I think inspiration is derived from Beef."

"Don't you get a good many ideas from Bacon?" asked Raleigh with a sneer.

Shakspeare blushed, and later Raleigh returned to Court with a black eye.

VOLTAIRE'S GALLANTRY.

Catharine I of Russia having sent Voltaire an ivory snuff-box, the recipient gallantly wrote requesting an audience, stating that he wished to show his appreciation of the Empress's generosity by "sneezing in the Imperial presence."

DAMOCLES AND LUCULLUS.

"I'm in a dreadful state, Lucullus," said Damocles.

"What's the matter, Dam?" asked his friend.

"Look at that sword, hanging by a hair right over me," returned Damocles.

"By Jove!" swore Lucullus, turning pale at the sight; "why the devil don't you dine at the club?"

A PAPAL JEST.

When Napoleon was in Egypt, conversing, according to common report, with the Sphynx, the Pope is said to have sent the college of cardinals into hysterics of laughter by saying that inasmuch as birds of a feather flock together it was not surprising that "two of the hardest cases known to history should get chummy."



A LITTLE LITERARY CHAT.

"I am sorry for Dickens," said Bulwer to Landor.

"Why?" queried the poet.

"My books are all written," returned the novelist.

"Ah! but think of the drudgery he is spared!" returned Landor, whose middle name, by the way, was Savage.

DICKENS AND HUNT.

"The best book you ever wrote, Dickens," said Leigh Hunt, "was Vanity Fair."

"I did n't write Vanity Fair!" retorted Dickens, angrily.

"Then you made the bloomingest error of your life, when you did n't," Hunt answered, with a wink at Thackeray on the other side of the street.

Dickens immediately returned home and "created" the character of Harold Skimpole.



AN ANECDOTE OF AGRIPPINUS.

Agrippinus, when it was reported to him that his trial was going on in the Senate, replied:

"How interesting! I wonder if I am guilty?"

The next day, some one having said to him, "you are condemned," he asked:

"To banishment or to death?"

"To banishment," was the reply.

"Darn it!" quoth Agrippinus; "I was in hopes it was to death — traveling is so expensive."

LUCRETIA'S BAD BREAK.

"Lucretia," said Elizabeth to her favorite, "they say I am getting decidedly Delsarte."

"True, your Majesty, — but you will never be Robsart;" returned the courtier absent-mindedly.

"What did you say?" queried the Queen, sharply; "my ruff is so thick your words did not reach me."

"I—I—er—oh! — I only said I thought — I thought you would reign to-morrow, that's all;" returned the embarrassed Earl.

It was at this time that Elizabeth's suspicions were first aroused, for she had not yet read "Kenilworth," and was entirely in the dark as to the little embroglio in Warwickshire.

ANOTHER RALEIGH-SHAKSPERE STORY.

"I say, Will," said Raleigh, as he finished up a lot of sonnets for publication; "shall I publish them anonymous, or over my own name?"

"Neither," said Shakspeare: "let 'em go out over my name." And they did so.



VESPASIAN'S CLEMENCY.

Helvedius Priscus, a Roman Senator, having provoked Vespasian, was condemned to death. Vespasian, on being petitioned to pardon him, asked: "when is he to be executed?"

"At six-fifty to-morrow morning," replied the first citizen, who had been delegated to secure Helvedius's pardon.

"Very well," returned Vespasian; "I will pardon him at seven-ten to-morrow."

And he did, but Helvedius was no more.

TOO GREAT AN ALTITUDE.

HOTEL CLERK (*politely*).—You and your wife wish to arise at five o'clock to-morrow morning? All right, sir. A bell-boy will be sent to call you.

JASPER CLOVERHEY (*reflectively*).—Wal, I guess you'd better send a boy, 'cause 'f M'lindy an' me is t' sleep in th' seventeenth story, we'll be too high up t' hear th' roosters.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?"

"No; what was it?"

"He said: There! Mama's been gettin' bargains again."



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IMPRESSED HIM FAVORABLY.

FIRST TRAMP.—What do they mean by hangin' a man in effigy?

SECOND TRAMP.—That's when they just string up a stuffed figure of him.

FIRST TRAMP.—Well, if I wuz goin' ter be hung, I'd like to have it done dat way!





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**GOOD GROUNDS, Too.**  
**DUZBEY.**—I understand that Mrs. Buzbuz has begun divorce proceedings.  
**DOOBEY.**—On what grounds?  
**DUZBEY.**—South Dakota.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

"WHY is it that the worst men have so often been the most strictly brought up?"  
**"Overtrained, I guess."** — *Princeton Tiger.*

"WHAT are you for?" asked the lobbyist with the silk hat of the one in bicycle clothes.  
**"Oh! I'm trying to get a bill through exempting from creditors the bicycle, instead of the home-stead."** — *Washington Capital.*

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**LOVE OF CONQUEST.**  
**"Marry me, and I shall be forever your willing slave!"**  
**"What do I want with a willing slave? If you were an unwilling slave there would be some pleasure in the situation."** — *Indianapolis Journal.*

**DOCTOR.**—Does your throat trouble you now?  
**FRESHMAN.**—No; but that fellow's throat in the next flat does. He's always trying to sing tenor. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

"HAVE you seen the new skating pond yet?"  
**"Yes."**  
**"How did you enjoy yourself?"**  
**"Immensely! I fell in with the sport right away."** — *Norristown Herald.*



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**MR. REMOTELY** (of Lonelyville, carrying a lantern).—Did anyone notice any suspicious character moving about Lonelyville, the night Mr. Hermitage's cottage was robbed?  
**MR. ISOLATE** (of ditto, carrying a bicycle lamp, impressively).—Yes; I met a man on picturesque Swampview Avenue, that very night, who was n't carrying any lantern!

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WITH CLOSED DOORS.

**SHE.**—I'm learning a lovely skirt dance, but of course I don't let anyone see me. I practice in a room all by myself.

**HE.**—Ah! I see. You follow the Australian ballet system. — *Detroit Free Press.*

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"The meanest man" is a person who seems so frequently encountered that it is a pleasure to run across the most tender-hearted man. He was standing just outside his office, when a friend stopped to inquire:

"How is Diggles getting along? I have n't seen him for a long time."

"Worse than usual," was the reply in tones of the deepest sympathy. "Very much worse than usual, poor fellow!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"Certain. I recently had my salary reduced and I can't lend him nearly as much as I used to."—*Washington Star.*

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SHE.—Oh, yes;—Pa and Ma would help me!



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THE voice of conscience has a difficult time in making connections with the ears.—*Atchison Globe.*

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#### AN ADMISSION.

HE.—Her hair is like sunshine!  
SHE.—Ye-es; it's brighter some days than others.

#### WOMEN'S WAYS.



"MEN ARE SO FUNNY!" Mrs. Columbus Flatte remarked to her husband as she emerged from the kitchen the other evening. "Now, what possible satisfaction do you suppose it can be to the coalman to call that dumb waiter hard names?" "Oh! I don't know," replied Columbus. "I should have called a good many waiters hard names in my life, if I had been sure they were dumb." "Of course you would," said Mrs. Flatte; "you're just like the rest of them. Do you remember pitching my india-rubbers into a vacant lot, just because they kept coming off? Before we were married, too; and after you'd paid sixty cents for them? And I don't know how many times since we've been married I've picked up your collars with the button-hole burst, from one end of the flat to the other. And there's Amy Goforth's husband told her to go to the devil, when they were on their wedding trip, just because he could n't get a Saratoga trunk strapped." "Well, she did n't go, did she? She went to Niagara Falls and greased her wedding-ring, and wore dark clothes like the rest of you brides." "That was n't as bad as you going up to the hotel desk at Schenectady and bluffing about leaving the children at home; and when you undid your overcoat the rice scattered all over the office floor. I thought I should sink!" "Shows what a man will do for a woman he loves. You set me up to it." "There you are again, Adam!" "Some women, I don't say my little wife, for you don't, but some women slam doors and bang dishes; and some even cuff their offspring as a relief to their feelings. I remember my own dear Mother once boxed my ears for no apparent reason; but the light of after-reflection convinced me it was because the minister had caught her without any collar on." "Oh! well, I dare say I'd box your ears too, if I had to work like your poor Mother did."

"I should deserve it, if I let you."  
"Mama says every time Papa got mad he used to break a lamp chimney, and she had an old uncle up in Chatham that used to go out doors and kick the saw-buck. When my music teacher got mad he used

to pull his own hair; but then musicians are so queer. There's that lovely young blonde electrician that boards at Phoebe Griffin's, — he's thrown his guitar out of the window two or three times, when he was tuning it. That reminds me that the Websters are coming over to play cards this evening, and I must hunt up the cards."

Madeline Orvis.

#### HE WANTED TO KNOW.

LITTLE CLARENCE (his 'steenth question).—Pa!  
MR. CALLIPERS.—Uh?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, why is it that in the race of life the fast men are n't the ones who come out ahead?

#### THE WAY OF THE FEMININE WORLD.

SHE.—She wears such dresses! Well, there's no accounting for tastes.

HE.—No. Still her friends will probably devote as much attention to those dresses as if they were under a moral obligation to account for her taste.

#### A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW.

FIRST WAITER.—Dat man at yo' table looks fightin' mad. You'd better git er move on.

SECOND WAITER.—Wal, I 'se sorry if he's lost his temper, but I reckon he won't lose his appetite.

#### AN INDIANA EXPRESSION.

DRUMMER.—That fellow, Pokelong, is of very little account, is n't he?

CROSSROADS MERCHANT.—Little account? He's too triflin' to set a good dog on!



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THE BATTLE is not to the strong alway,  
Nor to the swift the race;  
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The fastest horse for a place.



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WALKER HOMER.—I think I will get a job wid one o' dese concerns what makes amatur photygraf outfits.

ODOROUS OLIVER.—What? An' go to work?

WALKER HOMER.—Work? Naw! All I'll have to tackle will be to 'do de rest' an' dat will jus' suit me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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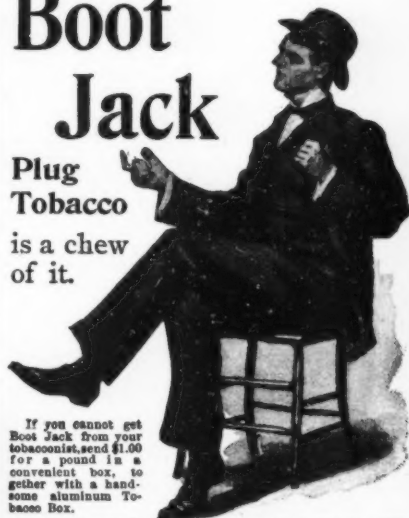
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THE obituary of the deceased husband is the widow's recommendation of excellent taste.—*Adams Freeman.*

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**Capstan  
Bird's Eye  
Westward Ho  
Three Castles  
Gold Flake, etc.**

SONG ON THE CHESAPEAKE.



I 's DE crab-ketchin' niggah on de Ches'peake Bay,  
I pushes through de bushes to de sho' at break o' day.  
De crab am up ter snuff,  
He reckon he 's de stuff,  
An' befo' he 's ebber debbled, he 's a debbil, shore 'nuff.  
But wid laigs all aroun' him, he cayn't git away  
From de crab-ketchin' niggah on de Ches'peake Bay.

Mah boat 's a leaking worter,  
Like it 'pears she had n' orter,  
But she answers mighty suhtain to mah han'.  
I kin easy stop an' whittle  
So 's ter plug her up a little,  
An' I bales her wid an ol' tomorter can.  
Fur de leadin' pint in boatin'  
Am jus' ter keep a-floatin'  
An' always ter be watchin' fur a nab;  
So I balances her steady  
An' de scoopin' net am ready,  
An' — dat 's de time I fool yo', Mistuh Crab!

Wha' 's dat I heah a creakin'?  
Some ornery coon a sneakin'  
Aroun' mah box to try ter steal a mess!  
Ef yer go ter gittin' greedy,  
Oh! I smacks yer! Yass, indeedy!  
Git erlong! — yo'll fin' fur suhtain dat 's de bes'.  
Er I grabs mah scullin' riggah  
An' I lams yo' — heah me, niggah? —  
Tell I bus' yo' haid wide open like a shuck!  
Yo 'll sholy git a schoolin'  
Ef yer 'low ter come a foolin'  
'Roun' a crab-ketchin' niggah hahd at wuck.



But when I 's alone mah crabbin',  
Up de hill 's a little cabin  
Where it 'pears dat I is bou'n to tote de bes'.  
No such am in de mahket  
Like I rams inter mah pocket,  
When de sun 's jus' sinkin' in de Wes'.  
Dere ain' no crab a-spilin',  
When we gits de pot a-bilin',  
De pone am jus' de hottest ter be had,  
An' I whispehs: "Yere, Miss Lucy,  
Yere 's a peelah white an' juicy;  
Oh! tells me now, mah honey, aint yo glad?"

I 's de crab-ketchin' niggah on de Ches'peake Bay,  
I pushes through de bushes to de sho' at break o' day.  
De crab am up to snuff,  
He reckon he 's de stuff,  
An' befo' he 's ebber debbled, he 's a debbil, shore 'nuff.  
But wid laigs all aroun' him, he cayn't git away  
From de crab-ketchin' niggah on de Ches'peake Bay.

